

PS
3515
A956V4
1911

Vegetable Verselets

By Margaret G. Hays

Pictures by Grace G. Wiederseim



CINDERELLA SCULLION



Class PS 3515

Book A 956 V4

Copyright N° 1911

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Vegetable Verselets

ILLUSTRATED BY
GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

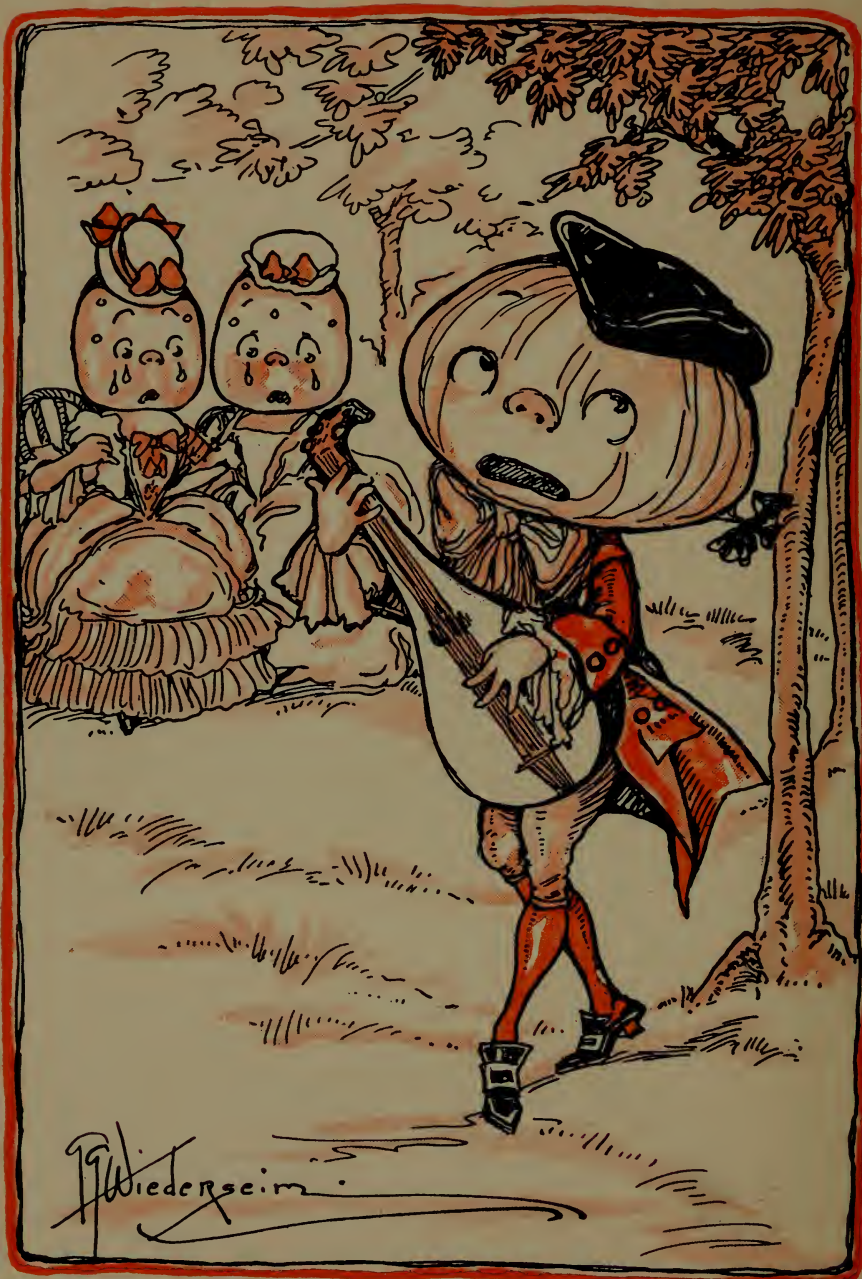
Mollie and the Unwise- man Abroad

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Molly will be welcome wherever she goes, because of the merriment that follows in her wake."—*Chicago Tribune*.

*With ten full-page illustrations in color
by Grace G. Wiederseim*

*Octavo. Cloth, pictorial cover
in colors, \$1.50*



SPANISH ONION MINSTREL



Vegetable Verselets

For Humorous Vegetarians

BY

MARGARET G. HAYS

11

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GRACE G. WIEDERSEIM

"I'll Give you Food for Thought"



3
3 3
3 3
3 3 3

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1911



PS 3515
A956 V4
1911

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PUBLISHED, NOVEMBER, 1911

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
AT THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

\$1.00
© Cl. A300607

Nov. 1

DEDICATED
TO
ALL FUN-LOVERS

Vegetable Verselets



THE TEA

Mrs. I. Wrish Potato will be pleased to see
Her friends at a sociable afternoon tea,
From four until six, come one, come all
Row twenty-five, by the high garden wall.
This invitation, written neatly,
'Roused the potato world completely.
The clock struck four, as each fair guest
Appeared at the function, neatly dressed.
Miss Julienne, so slim, and tall
Came in the French-Fry's carry-all,
While Mistress Potato au Gratin
Was so warm she had to use a fan.
The Misses Sautéé were dainty and trim
In their new summer hats, with parsley-decked rim;
They flirted in quite a Parisienne way
With Young Baked Potato,
So stylish and gay.
Soon old multimillionaire Boileau Potate
Arrived in a motor, afraid he'd be late:





MRS. I. WRISH POTATO



THE TEA

(Continued)

His daughter Miss Lyonnaise came with him too,
Saying, "See you're not late, so why get in a stew?"

The gossips drank tea,
Raised their hands and their eyes,
When Gay Mashed Potato, for a surprise,
Danced a jig (quite risquee)
With Miss B. Tato Kake,
The company laughed till their sides 'gan to ache.
Oh, 'twas quite a success, said the guests, great and
small,
That afternoon tea, by the high garden wall.





GAY MASHED POTATO



CINDERELLA SCULLION

Cinderella Scullion sobs by the fire at home—
Proud sisters gone out to the ball and left her all
alone.

Suddenly a fairy comes, and, with wand in hand,
Changes little Scullion to an Onion Grand.

Quickly to the Prince's ball
Scullion fair is flying;
Soon the Prince, the pride of all,
With love for Scullion's dying.
At the stroke of twelve, alack!
Pretty Scullion must go back.
But Prince Spanish Onion
Comes next day and finds her—
With a crown and wedding ring
To himself he binds her.

The cruel, proud sisters, with jealousy turned green
When once despised Scullion was made Prince Onion's
Queen.





CINDERELLA SCULLION



PRACTICAL PEG

“I’m ’fraid that I might starve some day,
The price of food’s so high;
Meat, fish, and soup, and Veg’tables
Are very dear—so I
Am going to the garden,”
Smiles practical Miss Peg,
“To plant this little egg-plant, so
I’ll always have an egg.”





THE CABBAGE-HEADS

In days of old, when knights were bold,

A naughty cruel Queen said:

“Executioner Cold, do as you’re told,

Chop off that bold knight’s head.”

(Wasn’t that awful?)

Now often in the garden

I see a noble row

Of Cabbages, so green and proud,—

Somehow, I seem to know

They’re the heads of those poor foolish knights

Cut off so long ago,

Doing their very, very best

To grow, and grow—and grow.

Sometimes, when I’ve been watching ’em,

Thinking such thoughts awhile,

Each of those noble cabbage-heads

Begins to bow and smile.





TRIUMPHANT

We're just as proud as we can be—
Well dressed and fed as all can see.
We've gained old castles with our wealth,
Our young are beautiful with health.
Galleries we've bought of ancestors;
Society flocks through our doors;
We're rich, as rich as rich can be—
The Mushroom Aristocracee.





THE MUSHROOM ARISTOCRACEE



THE ACCIDENT

Three little peas, on their road to school—My!
Drove a cart, harnessed up to a big bay Horse-fly.
The first little pea—a darling, named May—
Cried, “Dear! I don’t know any lessons to-day!”
“What mattereth that,” said the next little pea;
“For our dear teacher knoweth as little as we.”
Said the third little pea, “There goes the last bell!
Giddap old slow Horse-fly!” The horse-fly said
“Well,
I’ll ‘Giddap’ all right for you—Golly, I’ll fly.”
So he spread out his wings and he did fly—Oh my!
Those three little peas rolled, bang! out of the cart
Each one crying loud, fit to break her young heart,
“Boo-hoo, oh, boo-hoo, we’ll go home now,” sayd they;
“Our cart is all broked—and our horse—flyed away!”





THE ACCIDENT



“ MISCREANT! ”

“Sweet, sweet, sweet,”
The Potato-bugs are singing,
To charming Sweet Potato.
In her hammock swinging,
A song she’s humming soft and low
As she swingeth to and fro;
The Moon peeps coyly from a cloud;
Ha! a shriek, shrill, clear and loud—
’Tis lovely Sweet Potato’s voice!
The reader will with me rejoice
To hear they caught the wretch, I hope,
Who cut the charmer’s hammock-rope.





LOVELY SWEET POTATO



THE REGIMENT

The Cornstalks march in rows,
They have no fear of foes,
For each Corn soldier knows
The flag that o'er him blows—
So boom-ta-ra-ra, gay,
The Fife and Drum Corps play,
Sweethearts, alack-a-day,
Weep as they march away.
Grieve not, oh damsels fair,
Ev'ry Corn soldier there,
Although he loves your beauty,
Is bound to do his duty—
No time for sentiment
In the Cornstalk Regiment.





BACHELOR MAYDES

Single blessed demoiselles
Were the Misses Carrot,
Finding fond amusement oft
With their Cat and Parrot.
Stump speaking, too, they practised, oh!
“Let all women vote!”
Quite inflaming were those speeches
Never learned by rote;
For their lot these “spinster sisters”
Felt no sad regrets—
Misses Carrot, Cat, and Parrot,
All were Suffragettes.





ANOTHER HUMPTY

Over the garden wall,
Stony and grey and tall,
A lover Gourd was climbing
To see his sweetheart small.
She lived on the other side,
In riches, pomp and pride,
While he was poor, but honest,
And his parents, all had died.
Alas, alas, alack!
Why did he not turn back?
For now his little Sweetheart
Will have to dress in black.
He climbed that cru-el wall,
So cold and grim and tall,
But his "stem" broke when he reached the top,
And goodness—what a fall!
It is a shame to smile, a perfect shame and sin,
But the "mess" that Humpty Dumpty made
Was "*nothing*" next to "*him!*"





THE LOVER GOURD



WELL!

“I say you *shall*!”

“I say I shan’t!”

Thus argued papa Oyster Plant
Trying to force his gay son Ned
A wealthy heiress for to wed.

“I say you shall!”

“I say *I* shan’t!”

Oh what a naughty Oyster Plant!
Have you thought, Ned,
Where you might go
For disobeying papa so?





NED OYSTER PLANT



SAD NEWS

Pretty Mistress Spinach
Was seated at her wheel;
In came Master Radish
Saying, "Pray, how do you feel?"
Mistress Spinach laughed so gay
As she put her wheel away.
"I'm just as fresh as I can be,
Friend Radish, how is it with thee?"
"I'm not so crisp," the Radish sighed.
"I called on Farmer Smithey
This morning, and he said that I
Am growing old—and pithy."





FRIEND RADISH AND MISTRESS SPINACH



THE KIND LITTLE TURNIPS

Old Gran'ther Turnip
 Was grouchy and grim,
Though his family were all
 Very loving to him.
He'd growl and he'd fuss,
 He would grumble and scold;
The young folks forgave him
 Because he was old.
Said they, "Poor old Gran'ther,
 We know why it is:
He's cross 'cause he's crippled
 With bad rheumatiz;
So we'll not fight or shout
 For fear it might tease him,
We will all do our best
 To cheer him and please him.
Though now I feel gay,"
 Said each wise turnip-elf,
"Someday I may be old
 And 'grouchy' myself!"





GRAND'THER TURNIP



HEART-BEETS

“Wilt thou be mine, Oh, Rosy One;
Thou’rt sweet enough to eat.”
Thus spoke an am’rous tuber
To his sweetheart, shy Miss Beet.
When Miss Beet heard her lover’s plea
She coyly whispered, “Yes;
But you’d better ask Papa, my dear,
Before we wed, I guess.”
Paterfamilias heard the swain—
His answer—why repeat it?
The meaning was quite clear and so
The lover wisely—“Beet it.”





THE LOVER WISELY—"BEET IT"



NARCISSUS CUCUMBER

Oh, once there was a Cucumber,
A dainty green young lass;
She saw herself reflected in
The brook's clear looking-glass.
“Is *that* me?” cried the damsel gay.
“I wish a prince would pass this way;
I am not rich, or great, or witty,
But goodness, gracious me!
I'm pretty!”





PRETTY CUCUMBER



EUPHONIOUS ARTHUR

When Arthur had the whooping-cough,
 He thought it quite a joke
In the vegetable-garden
 To watch the Arti-choke.
(Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha!)





THE ELOPEMENT

Pert and pretty Polly Parsley,
 Prinking at her glass,
Pranked in posy-printed poplin
 Posed the pretty lass.
Clever Cecil Celery, climbing,
 Clambered through the casement, clear.
“Gadzooks,” cried the canny Cecil,
 “Wilt thou wed me, dear?”
Tripping tenderly together,
 See the sweetly smiling swains,
Charming Cecil, Pretty Polly,
 Radiant rays shine through the rains;
Gayly gamb’ling, glad and gleeful,
 To the pious priest they go.
While benignant smiles above them
 Sweetheart’s patron saint Rainbow.





MISS TOMATO'S MILLINERY

One fine day in early May
Miss Tomato—so they say—
Left her cozy little flat,
Started out to buy a hat.
A hat she chose with roses on it,
A feather and a small pomponette,
A quill, a frill, a bird or two,
And several buckles gleaming new.
The price she paid—but why relate?
She said 'twas “something” ninety-eight.
“Becoming, dear,” her friends all sing,
“And such a simple, little thing.”





MISS TOMATO'S NEW HAT



THE PIE PLANT

Rosa Rhubarb had a shop
Where she sold cakes and pies,
Lollipops and sugar-drops,
To foolish folk and wise.
Flirty Clarence Sugar Cane
Stopped to buy some pies,
Lingered—chatting—complimenting
Rosa's lovely eyes.
Rosa Rhubarb, laughing gaily,
Bade the youth depart,
Saying, "Haste, here comes my hubby;
Take your pie and start."
Clarence Sugar Cane departed
Feeling quite, oh, quite downhearted,
Resolved when next to flirt he tarried
He'd choose a girl who was n't married.





ROSA RHUBARB



WIDOWED

Dear me! What is this all about?
It is the Widow Brussels Sprout
Sobbing and crying, poor, dear thing;
She lost her Hubby Sprout last spring.
“Oh, willow—willow waley me!”
She sobs and moans continually.
Says she, “My feelings it would save
Could I put flowers on a grave.
Alas a cruel, horrid sinner,
Boohoo! ate Hubby Sprout for dinner!
So I must weep here all alone
Without even a small tombstone!”





WIDOW BRUSSELS-SPROUT



THE DUEL

Sir Cauliflower fought a duel
 With gallant Lord Tomato.
The "seconds" of the former were
 The brothers White Potato;
The latter had for "seconds"
 The Messrs. Celery tall.
The time arranged was sunrise,
 At Chanticleer's first call.
The combatants chose "pistils"
 Culled from the Tiger-Lily.
I'll not say what 'twas all about,
 The subject was too silly.
Th' encounter met a "finish"
 Not oft' found in a book,
For the dramatis personæ
 Were captured—by the Cook!





NAUTICAL LANGUAGE

Gallant Captain Squash he sailed the high seas.
His crew it consisted of Marrowfat Peas;
So round were these "tars," they did nothing but roll
When reefing the topsail or stoking the coal,
"Avast there, me hearties," the captain he roared;
"I'll marlin-spike every blank lubber aboard."
"Hard-a-port," he would say; "Ship-ahoy!" and
"Belay!"

All of this, and much more, very *fierce*, every day.
I don't know what he meant by such queer words as
these;
Suppose we'd find out if we sailed the high seas.





THE MINUET

In the garden late one night
Some one saw a pretty sight,
In the lights and shadows playing
Were the silv'ry moonbeams straying
Made strange pictures round one, left and right.
 Lady Lettuce—young and green—
 Wore a spreading crinoline.
Quite entrancing was her dancing
 With the courtly Lima Bean;
Tall was he and slim and stately;
Oh, they bowed and stepped sedately,
 Curts'ing lowly—rising slowly;
 While above them, calm and holy,
White the moon shone in the night.
 Oh, the sight filled one with pleasure
 While the breezes played a measure
 All the little leaves were clapping—
Whisp'ring—clapping with delight.





THE MINUET



JAY PARSNIP

Young Jay Parsnip from the country,
Just arrived in town,
Goes into a clothing store, to buy a suit of brown.
Tries one on . . . "That fits you like
Der paper on der vall!"
Young Jay Parsnip wiggles, asking,
"Isn't it too small?"
"Nodt a bit too small—no, sonny;
That suidt jus' looks like—ready money!"
At last the suit is bought by Jay;
A nice fat price he has to pay;
Then out he strolls upon the streets,
Laughed at by every one he meets.
The name of the shop where he bought it, folks,
Was "Store of Jerusalem Artichokes."
Jay Parsnip belonged to that class of queer folks
Who pose for the newspaper comic man's jokes.
Jerusalem Artichokes 'most often dress 'em;
But I'm thankful there is such a class—Heaven bless
'em!





BOSTON BEAN

Book in hand and spec's on nose,
That's how the Boston Baked Bean grows.
Plato, Homer, Cicero,
Such a lot she sure does know;
German, Latin, French, and Greek,
And other tongues, she well can speak.
Stately pleasures at command,
Ibsen plays and Opera Grand,
Maeterlinck and dear Rostand.
Though she's int'rested in Flag-time,
Doubt she ever heard of Rag-time.
S'pose this dame would deem it shocking
Should one dub her a blue stocking.





THE TWINS

A present for papa—the cute little dears!
Nurse Cabbage at Papa Bean's study appears;
“Just look what the kind stork has brought to our
house.
Now every one here must be still as a mouse.
They're the prettiest babies I ever have seen,”
Says Nurse Cabbage to slightly nonplussed Papa Bean.
“But you're perfectly right to dissemble your joy
And your pride and delight in this dear girl and boy.”
Papa Bean sees his plentiful family outside:
“Well, at least there's no question of Race Suicide.”





PAPA BEAN



WEDDING GOSSIPS

Ding dong dell—Hear the wedding-bell !
Ada Asparagus a bride !

Dear ! Law sakes ! Do tell !
Robed in satin, veiled in lace,—
Good no one can see her face !
Hurry, let us see

Who can the bridegroom be.
Young Jay Parsnip—Lands above !
No wonder folks say,
“ Blind as Love.”

Ding dong dell ! goes the wedding bell.

Who will give the bride away ?
Papa Oyster Plant, they say.
Here the bride's maids come, how sweet !
Misses Salad and Red Beet.

Ding dong dell, goes the wedding-bell !
Come along, we mustn't stare ;
Every one seems to be there.





THE WEDDING

3
3
3
3
3



THE OPERA

Prima donna Salad sang Juliet divinely,
While tenor Squash, as Romeo, trilled most superfinely;
But conversation waxed so loud
In the nouveau riche Tomato crowd
The music-loving public found
The singers' lovely voices drowned.
Rich Vegetable Dames were there,
Mostly in jewels dressed,
While all the beaux appeared in "tails"
With décolleté white vests.
The Johnny Turnips carried flowers
To the stage-door down the alley,
With supper invitations
To the beauteous "Corps de ballet."





THE AERONAUT

Oh, an up-to-date young Egg-plant
Once rode an aeroplane
To the Strait of far Gibraltar,
Then he started home again.
In the middle of th' Atlantic
He met a sudden squall,
So that up-to-date young Egg-plant
Never reached his home at all.





THE WOOING OF CHIEF MAIZE

In the forest shade an Indian maid,
The lovely Kidney Bean,
Lived with her dad, an Indian bad,
The worst you've ever seen.
This naughty chief was quite a thief
Unknown to his fair daughter.
She thought it sad, and sighed, "Poor Dad!"
When he stole and drank "fire-water."
Brave young Chief Maize had wooed for days
This pretty Indian maid;
Oft had he told his love so bold
Of naught was he afraid.
So when, one day, "dad" passed away,
After too much "fire-water,"
This handsome chief assuaged the grief
Of Kidney Bean his daughter;
And when, that fall, the trees so tall
Their golden leaves had shed,
Chief Maize and beauteous Kidney Bean
Quite happily were wed.





THE WOOING OF CHIEF MAIZE



WHAT HO ! THE MINSTREL

The Spanish Onion Minstrel sang
One sad and doleful chord;
The Potatoes listened to him
As they strolled upon the sward.
His song "peeled" forth so sweet and *strong*,
So strong and sweet and wise,
The Potatoes' Celtic hearts were touched
And tears gushed from their "eyes."

See Frontispiece

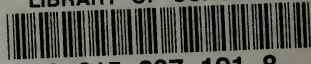


NOV 17 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

NOV 27 1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 937 191 8